

Just Admit It by reddiespagetti

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Summary:

Stan has trouble coming to terms with the fact that Mike and Bill both like him

And that he likes them both back.

Just Admit It

“C’mon Stanley, loosen up a little!” Bill laughed, passing Stan a red solo cup and elbowing his side teasingly.

Stan rolled his eyes but smiled. Bill only ever called him ‘Stanley’ when he was trying to be serious about something. But all his conviction was nonexistent when he was already tipsy off two cups of alcohol.

He, Mike, and Bill were part of a larger friend group, affectionately self-proclaimed as The Losers, but Stan knew that the three of them were a little more close-knit. Out of their group of seven, Mike was easily the most popular being the school’s star quarterback. Stan was a little fuzzy about why Mike chose to still hang with them when he had all the options in the world, but here they were, still the best of friends after several years.

And now it was senior year of high school, Mike’s family was out of town, and he decided to throw the senior class a going-away party at his farmhouse. A football player’s older cousin was kind enough to supply the keg, the Losers had gotten there early to help Mike prepare, and fast forward to now at 9pm: almost the entire senior class was here and were already on their way to being black-out drunk.

“Then who’s gonna be here to make sure you don’t get into too much trouble?” Stan retorted with a teasing grin, grabbing a cup from nearby and sniffing it, the stench making his nose crinkle.

“We’re fine! I’m fine,” Bill slurred slightly, waving away Stan’s concern. “We’re spending the night here afterwards, so we’re not even driving and we need to let loose. It’s senior year!” He shouted the last part, and everyone in the vicinity whooped and hollered in celebration.

“Well, I’m fine,” Stan again declined as Bill tried to pass him a drink.

“Ugh, fine,” Bill grumbled, standing up and moving deeper into the party, leaving Stan to sit alone at the kitchen table. After a moment,

Stan could make out the top of Bill's head amongst the crowd of dancers in the living room, bouncing along with the rhythm of the song.

"Hey, Stan the Man," an extremely recognizable voice spoke up behind him, and Stan grinned.

"Hey, Richie Rich."

Richie plopped down in the seat originally occupied by Bill, with Eddie close behind him. Their cheeks were ruddy and their foreheads were glossy from a slight perspiration; they'd obviously been dancing pretty heavily before coming over.

"Why are you sitting over here?" Eddie asked, his eyebrows furrowing in concern. "You should be having fun! Let loose a little!" "Why does everybody keep telling me that?" Stan wondered out loud, looking down at the wood grain on the table, twiddling his thumbs.

"Probably because everyone can see that stick up your ass," Richie commented, earning a shove from Eddie.

"Beep beep, asshole," Eddie groaned, earning a thankful look from Stan. "But you can come dance with us! Bev and Ben are dancing, I think Mike and Bill are dancing—" Eddie stopped himself as he noticed Stan's reaction, an apparent wince flashing across the blonde boy's face.

"Eds?" Richie asked, looking between the two boys. They looked as if they were in a staring contest, neither one blinking or saying anything. "What the fuck just happened?"

"You are, aren't you? I fucking knew it! I fucking knew it! Since like elementary school and then middle school— Holy fuck, I'm a genius!" Eddie exploded, the words spilling out of his mouth faster than Stan could even comprehend.

"Eddie—" Stan tried to interrupt as he felt his face heating up.

"Stan, you're not fucking smooth. I saw that look on your face. And you're not exactly a closed-book," Eddie looked at Stan, cocking his head to the side and studying his friend.

“Okay, somebody explain what’s going on before I flip out,” Richie spoke exasperatedly, looking between Stan and Eddie before his eyes landed on his boyfriend’s face.

Eddie leaned back in his chair and studied his fingernails, dragging it out to drive Richie insane. “Oh, you know. Stan’s in love.”

“What! Who! Staniel, fucking tell me or else—“

“Mike and Bill!” Stan whisper-yelled, throwing his hands up in the air in frustration. “Alright? I like Mike and Bill. I love them. And I don’t know what to fucking do about it!”

Before his two friends could say anything to him, Stan leaned over and grabbed Eddie’s still-full cup of beer and chugged it, the bitter taste stinging the back of his throat.

“Stan! Look at you, you dog,” Richie patted him on the back, but giving him a supportive grin.

“Why don’t you go dance with them? I’m sure they’d like that,” Eddie offered, taking back his empty cup from Stan.

“They clearly like each other, not me. I’m just the third-wheel in the equation,” Stan sighed, feeling a sense of relief at just talking about his feelings out loud. He snatched Richie’s drink, downing that too. The warm feeling that was building in his stomach made him feel better, so he grabbed another cup that had been sitting on the table since Bill left, and began sipping on that as well.

“Stanley,” Richie frowned, looking at Stan seriously now. “I might have been a dumbass about your feelings for them, but I’m not so much a dumbass about their feelings for *you*.”

Stan gave Eddie a confused look, earning a shrug in response.

“What?”

“You really haven’t noticed the way Bill looks at you? Or the way Mike does? They always want to be next to you, always want to talk to you and see you. I haven’t seen someone so infatuated with another person since Eddie’s mom.”

“Shut *up*, Richie.” Eddie acted annoyed, but he smiled and reached

over to place his hand on Richie's thigh.

"Just because they like to be near me doesn't mean—"

"Not just that, Staniel. Mike always draws you those little bird drawings that you love so much," Richie looked at Stan affectionately as he called back memories of Stan showing off Mike's drawings to the group. "And Bill wrote you those little stories..."

"B-But..."

"Oh!" Eddie jumped up in his seat, remembering something to add. "And when you fell off your bike that time, and Bill bandaged you up and Mike fixed the chain on your bike for you."

"And the time that Stan didn't have money for ice cream and they fucking fought like an old couple as to who would give him the money for ice cream—"

"Or what about the time that Stan fell asleep at your house during movie night, and they argued over who would get to sleep next to him, and they both fell asleep on either side of him—"

"Guys!" Stan interrupted his two friends, his cheeks hot. "I-I get it."

"What we're trying to say is that they fucking love you too, Stan. We can almost guarantee it," Richie said, reaching over and rubbing Stan's shoulder.

"I dunno..." Stan had finished his fourth drink at that point, having grabbed the last cup from a passerby, the fuzzy feeling in his brain inhibiting any other thought he might have had on this conversation.

"Stan, I promise, if you go dance with them, it'll be like the perfect night for you," Eddie urged, just as the song *Low* came on, the beat sending waves of sound throughout the house.

"Alright, fuck it." Stan stood up and wiped his mouth of the foam that had accumulated on his upper lip, and went in search of Bill or Mike.

It wasn't long before he saw the tops of both of their heads, and he came up to them as they were both just dancing to themselves rather than with one another. The two boys perked up as they saw Stan.

“Hey! You’re here!” Mike said, his eyes crinkling from his grin. “I’m so glad you decided to dance!”

“Stan the Man!” Bill said, patting Stan’s shoulder, letting his hand linger there.

“Well, I’m not here to talk. Let’s fucking party!” Stan announced, smiling at the warmth that had spread from his stomach to his chest and head.

Bill and Mike went back to their normal dancing, leaving space for Stan to dance next to them, but Stan had other plans. He stumbled slightly as he stood against Mike, his back to his chest, and wrapped his arm around his neck and danced. His body moved flush against Mike’s, and he could feel Mike tense up slightly at the unexpected contact. Bill looked left out, but Stan was quick to grab his shirt and pull Bill to his front, now grinding against both boys. The song had changed at that point from *Low* to *Gas Pedal*, as if the universe wanted Stan to continue dancing promiscuously.

Which he did. He swayed his hips, pressing back against Mike as he pulled on Bill’s waist to pull his body smoothly against his own. He felt every flex of the other two boy’s muscles, and the heat of their breaths and sweaty skin was making Stan lustful, but quickly overwhelmed. And just as the song was coming to a close, it was as if Stan’s brain had a moment of consciousness to make him realize what he was doing, and he stumbled out from the boys’ grasps with a look of embarrassment and shame.

“I-I’m sorry...” he barely got out, as he staggered out of the living room and out onto the back patio. The feeling that had started to move its way from Stan’s stomach to his throat didn’t feel all too good.

“Stan!” He heard both Mike and Bill following behind him, but he couldn’t focus on that.

“D-Don’t,” Stan mumbled, his voice cracking as the lump in his throat welled up, and tears started stinging his eyes. He slumped to the ground, his head spinning.

“Stanley, what’s happened?” Mike asked, coming over to Stan and plopping down on the ground beside him. Bill followed suit, both of

them looking at Stan with worry and concern.

"I'm sorry," Stan said, looking between the two, unsure of how to say everything that needed to be said. "I-I... I can't choose between you both, I love you both too much, and I can't just pick one. I can't fucking do it, I can't and I'm fucked up about it because I want you both and I can't have either of you." Stan blurted everything out quickly before the alcohol wore off and he'd lose his courage.

Mike and Bill looked at each other, as if having an unspoken conversation for a minute before looking back at Stan.

"Why would you only have to have one of us?" Mike raised his eyebrows and bit his bottom lip, clearly anxious.

"Yeah... You could maybe not have to pick..." Bill continued, looking at Stan with a look that begged him to understand.

"What?" Stan asked, furrowing his brows.

"I love you, Stan," Bill admitted quietly, a breathy laugh following shortly after. "I have for a fucking long time, actually."

"And I love you too," Mike admitted, giving a teasing glance towards Bill. "I love you both. So fucking much. It's insane."

Stan stood for a moment, his mouth slightly agape. He wasn't sure if it was reality or if it was the several drinks in his system, but whatever the cause, he didn't want this moment to end.

"Really?"

"Yes you idiot," Bill rolled his eyes, reaching down and taking Stan's hand. Mike laughed and did the same, gripping Stan's other hand tightly in his own.

Stan couldn't think, he just looked between the two of them with the deepest affection in his heart, their hands resting in their laps as they sat out alone on the patio. It was the perfect moment, each of Stan's arms outstretched and connected with the person that made him feel whole.

"So..." Stan trailed off for a moment before continuing. "What now?"

“We just...” Bill started, looking to Mike.

“We just be together,” Mike finished simply with a shrug of one of his shoulders. “Fuck what anybody thinks. If we’re happy, then fuck ‘em.”

Bill looked at Stan, his eyes happy but challenging, as if trying to see what Stan would say in response.

Stan nodded once and grinned, his mind made up and committed. “Yeah. Fuck ‘em.”